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“In the mud and scum of things
Something always, always sings.”

At the request of several of the class of 1908 and this year's Senior class, Miss Polly M. Leavett, of the 1908 CENTRE OF VISION staff, has contributed the following on

The Graduation of 1908

On the morning of June 18, 1908, once again the friends and relatives of a graduating class gathered together in the lecture hall of the Massachusetts Normal Art School.

After its four years' journey, first along the smutty charcoal path of Class A, through the perspective wilderness of thumb-tacks, T-square, and triangles, towed through seas of fixative and kerosene, led by the kindly hand of many a teacher, and under the guidance of a kind principal, another class had come, over the mountains of paint and canvas, to say a last word to the friends gathered together, and to receive from the hands of Mrs. Wells the school's acknowledgment of work acceptably accomplished.

The programme was as follows: March, by Alvan Winter, to the music of which the class of 1908 entered the lecture hall, and when seated a prayer was offered by Rev. Alonzo Bartlett. A piano solo by Mr. Winter was much enjoyed, and this was followed by "The Teacher," an essay given by Charles Mabie, of the Public School Class. Charles Perry, president of the class, and a member of Class C, then read an essay, entitled "The Tower of the Winds." Philip O'Keefe, of the Design Class, spoke on "Home Decoration," illustrating his remarks with a variety of contrasting bric-a-brac.

The Modeling Class was well represented by Miss Mayna Eastman, whose subject was: "The Making of a Statue"; and this was followed by "Without Prejudice of Fact," by Miss Annette Washburn, of the Portrait Class.

The valedictorian, Miss Helen Hutchinson, of the Public School Class, very creditably expressed the class's gratitude to Mrs. Wells, to the principal, and to the teachers, as well as their gratitude to the state that had made possible the privileges which they had enjoyed. After Karl Johnson's violin solo had been enthusiastically greeted, and an encore demanded, the class went forward to receive their diplomas from Mrs. Wells, and the morning's exercises were closed by the interesting and kind remarks of Mrs. Wells and the principal.

The exhibition of the students' work in the various studios was un-

"The world is all gates, all opportunities, strings of tension waiting to be struck."

usually good, and particularly that of the Freshmen was deserving of much praise. In the lunch room of the school at 1 o'clock, favored by the presence of several teachers, the class enjoyed an informal luncheon, which was followed in the afternoon by a pleasant reception given by the Alumni Association of the school.

On the evening of the graduation the class dinner was held at the Hotel Somerset, with Mrs. Wells and Mr. Bartlett as guests of honor. The evening proved very enjoyable, and the cleverness of the class parts brought forth continuous applause. The poem by Miss Mollie Lopaus, "Farewell to the School," in imitation of Robert Louis Stevenson, was bright and well written.

The prophecy, by Miss Alice Killam, was clever in its well-applied hits, and Miss Flora Enright's history led us through tears of laughter back over four years of work and play to that time when informed we had passed the entrance examinations, 108 sighs of relief arose as one, recalling us to the present again by the statement that but fifty-two of those "sighs" remained. Remarks by Mr. Bartlett, by the president, and several members of the class followed.

The class officers chosen were: President, Edward A. Fox; vice-president, Helen S. Hutchinson; treasurer, Miss Margaret A. Carney; secretary, Miss Kathryn Brown.

Mr. O'Keefe then went to the piano, and Mr. Fox began his ever-after-famous "Laughing Song." The wide, delighted smile on every face present gave abundant evidence of the sincere appreciation of Mr. Fox's entertainment, an appreciation that ventured in nearly every case to the point of tears.

Songs in chorus followed, bringing the evening to such an enthusiastic end that for a time the morrow was forgotten,—the morrow, when the class of 1908 should step out into "the work-a-day world of men," taking with them not only the much-coveted diplomas, but, let us hope, something more,—broader views, finer ideals, and an appreciation of the responsibility that each member owed to himself, to the school, and to the world.

The Spell of the Country

It is said that Rousseau was passionately fond of the solitude of the great world of nature, and that he often retired to the forests of Montmorency for rest. Here he studied and wrote; and his greatest

“The poet knows the missing link by the joy it gives him.”

educational work is an inspiration gained from his own living with nature. He holds that the child is sensitively receptive of all impressions; and in his masterpiece, “Emile,” he has wrought out his idea of a child progressing according to nature. Although we cannot advocate his extreme views, yet his work has been the inspiration of educators since his day, and many of his theories are the foundation of modern methods. But aside from purely educational considerations, what a foundation for all that is highest and best in humanity is that love in the child’s heart for the outdoor world. The pure atmosphere of the country life leaves an impress that is not lost in after years. The city child does not know nature as the children in the country do. He has not spent years under blue skies, with just a world of plant and animal life around. Neither will summers spent at the seashore or mountain resort take the place, in the recollections of the child, of those early impressions and familiar intercourse with the world of nature.

Some writers can describe a Northern sunrise or a foreign country they have never seen so graphically that the reader is thrilled with the realities of the scenes portrayed. But we know that school stories and descriptions will give the city child no adequate impression of the country—the real country of woods and meadows ’way beyond the town; the country where one may become conscious of life, and where each summer day is heralded by the songs of countless birds.

It is here that the things of nature, the waving grass, the overhanging trees, and the birds and butterflies soothe and invigorate the over-taxed nerves. A sketch by Richard Jeffries voices in beautiful terms the spell of the real life with nature. He says: “I cannot leave it; I must stay under the old tree in the midst of the tall grass, the luxury of the leaves, and the song in the very air. It seems as if I could feel all the glowing life the sunshine gives and the south wind calls to being. The endless grass, the endless leaves, the immense strength of the oak expanding, the unalloyed joy of finch and blackbird. From all of them I receive a little—each gives me something of the pure joy they gather for themselves. . . . Feeling with them, I receive some, at least, of their fullness of life.”

The world of field and forest is continually changing—we find some new charm ever present, each season is more wonderful than the last. So, when business leads to a life in the city, the man from the country has pictures and recollections that are as pleasurable as his books and

“Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.”

society. He remembers for long his impression on that early spring morning when he stepped out of doors into a world of new green, and involuntarily whispered to himself: “I’m glad I’m alive.” Or, when will that mental picture fade of the orchard in a white cloud of bloom? Once, years ago, he had occasion to walk through a pathless wood in winter. The dark trunks of the pines were like columns, and the ground of untrodden snow. These old monarchs were so majestic, holding aloft their dark green canopy; and then, nearer the ground, at intervals, were the young hemlocks bending into graceful lines with their loads of white.

And his dreams take him still farther back to his early boyhood days, with their countless youthful happenings; that brook in the meadow where he went for lilies and flagroot, which articles were valued according to the number of duckings attending each expedition. The old stone bridge where he swung his feet in the water or leaned far over in a vain attempt to nab “lucky-bugs.”

So these impressions are powerful agents to draw him back to the hills and ponds; and when the opportunity occurs and he does return, although he may have lost that youthful ardor, yet he breathes deep and long of the fresh, new life of the country; he feels that he must get down to old Mother Earth—feel the contact with soil and grass—lie and dream under blue skies, and wander in the woods again. The half-forgotten songs of birds open up a delightful reality, and he consciously absorbs some of the greatness and beauty around. Later, vacation ended, he feels the renewed life within him, and is strong to take up the work of everyday living. And, having renewed his sense of worship for all things great and small, he is instinct with a larger view of life, has fuller sympathies and a wider philanthropy.

“There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne’er express, yet cannot all conceal.”

—Byron.

Clara P. Chase.

"Rumor doth double, like the voice and echo."

Museum Notes

William M. Chase exhibits a smashing still life at the Art Museum. While Mr. Chase is a very skilful painter in many "genres," perhaps it is in still life that his "prestance" and deftness of hand show to the most advantage. This picture of a couple of huge fish, flanked by smaller ones, is one of his most ambitious and also one of his most brilliant still lifes. The fish has a ghoo-y slimy surface which reminds one of some of Vollon's triumphs. Still life is the only form of art about which no nonsense is talked. It depends simply on itself. It is in painting the equivalent of pure music in music.

It is just this sort of thing that brings out Mr. Chase's best qualities. He delights in the rich and varied colors, in the "amusing" surfaces which such a subject gives.

And he renders it with a "gusto" and a lightness of hand which are all his own. It is particularly this sort of thing which has given him his position as one of the most artistic of American painters.

Every effort is concentrated to make a brilliant effect. Perhaps one might say almost too much was sacrificed to the sparkle of the high lights. None the less, the picture is a brilliant and effective canvas, and quite one of the best of Mr. Chase's works.

Dreamland

My little boy has wandered away,
Away from the heat of the summer's day.
He has lost himself on the silver way
 To Dreamland's keep;
But somehow methinks the fairies will guide his feet.

They will weave him dreams of golden things,
They will fan him slow with gossamer wings,
And sing him a song of tinkling sound,
The essence of lullabies all the world round.

My little boy has wandered away,
Away from the play of the long, long day.
He has lost himself on the silver way
 Of Dreamland's keep,
And methinks even the fairies will envy his sleep.

Florence M. Alexander, '10.

"The World belongs to the energetic man. His will gives him new eyes."

To be up to the mark,
To deal on the square,
To be free from angles,
 Unless right angles,
To have good designs
And highest ideals,
To eye events in perspective,
That their values be noted,
To be (if possible) at the apex,
And yet to keep on the pedestal,
To appreciate the warmth and color of affection,
To be among friends, one of a circle,
Make the sum and substance of life's "Normal Art."

Cynthia E. Hollis, '76.

"N. B."

A pupil is a person under the care of a teacher; a student is a person who is devoted to study; and a scholar is a learned person. So says the Standard Dictionary.

In other words a pupil takes the passive attitude of "I'm here, if you can teach me anything, why go ahead, I don't care whether you do or not," and expects that somehow he will absorb learning from the atmosphere of the place, as a sponge absorbs water. It is up to the teacher. The teacher is the responsible party, the one who has the care; the pupil has done his share by coming to the place of instruction.

On the other hand, the student says by his attitude: "I have come here to learn something; show me what and how to study. Do not dare to withhold anything from me, for I want all I can get." He has the care and responsibility, the teacher must be the guide and helper. If the teacher neglects this duty, so much the worse for the teacher. The student will give him no rest until he is sure that no more help can be obtained from that source; then he will go ahead alone.

The scholar is a person who has arrived. He has studied, has learned, and now he knows; but the true scholar never ceases to be a student, and the true scholar never knows that he is a scholar.

Let us be students, not merely pupils, and let us strive to become scholars. When the pupil becomes a teacher he will always regret that he was not a scholar.

ART NEWS

By Adah P. Knight, '09

At Mr. Bayley's gallery Mr. Pratt has opened an exhibition of his recent works in sculpture. There are a certain number of things which we saw last year. The head of Major Higginson is there, full of martial character, and certain other portrait heads, as well. There are a number of figures for "The Fountain of Youth." These are gracefully disposed in pleasing poses, and show a refined touch in modeling. Indeed, Mr. Pratt improves each year, not only in the invention and disposal of his poses, but also in the skill with which he models the pieces in the charming little figureines he has made of late.

One of the best of these small figures is "The River," recently cast in bronze. In modeling it marks, perhaps, the furthest point Mr. Pratt has reached, and besides that, it has a quality only too uncommon in sculpture, and yet most essential, that it looks well from a number of different positions. That this is important is a truism; and yet how often one sees a statue that fails in this requirement.

An interesting low relief is the large study for the reduced medal of Archbishop O'Connell.

The following programme is Mr. Bailey's plan so far as he is certain of the pictures:—

November 16-28—Portraits by Marie Danforth Page. Water-colors by Theodora Willard.

December 14-26—Pictures of cats by Frances M. Townsend.

December 28-January 9—Portraits by E. L. Ipsen.

January 25-February 6—Paintings by Theo. M. Wendel.

February 22-March 6—Paintings by Harry L. Hoffman.

Let us hope that every student in the school has seen all of the George Grey Barnard exhibition at the Museum, since it is the work of a fine sculptor, a thoughtful man, and a wonderful student of the human muscles. Consequently his work appeals to many, and is much talked of.

"It's poor business looking at the sun with a cloudy face."

George Grey Barnard was born at Bellefonte, Pa., May 24, 1863. His life interests began in the study of natural history. Between the ages of eight and fourteen he devoted most of his time outside of school to mounting birds and animals from studies made in the Middle West. For this purpose he took with him to the marshes his modeling wax and sketching materials, with which he made drawings and plastic studies from the creatures. Out of this intimate knowledge and study of nature there developed in the young artist a growing interest in the human form.

In devotion to this interest, he attended a year at the Art Institute of Chicago. From there he went to the Beaux Arts. For some years afterwards in Paris he worked steadily and unknown at his art. At length, in the Salon 1894 (Champs de Mars), nine pieces of sculpture, consisting of single statues and groups, were exhibited for the first time, and won instant acclaim by French critics and enthusiastic recognition by his peers. He was elected associate of Société Nationale des Beaux Arts. In the same year he returned to America and continued work in his New York studio.

In 1900 he was awarded a gold medal at the Paris Exposition. Since then various gold medals have been awarded. In 1902 he began his groups for the Pennsylvania state capitol, and in three years at his five studios in Monet, France, he executed and finished thirty-three heroic statues now awaiting marble for Harrisburg. Especial attention is called to "The Hower," in Copley square.

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts, like most Eastern museums, depends for its support on subscriptions, gifts, and bequests. The subscriptions, of \$5 to \$20, amount to \$17,000 a year. The museum land is not taxed during occupancy.

In Missouri a special museum tax statute has been enacted. It was signed by the governor after passing the legislature, and was afterwards voted on by the people of St. Louis. This tax yields now \$102,000 a year, but the museum has not yet profited by the money, since the constitutionality of the statute has been contested. Great interest in the outcome has been shown by all parts of the country, and its results will probably be far-reaching.

“We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labor.”

Willard L. Metcalf

From the November Century we take the following article, by Christian Brinton:—

“Few American painters are more natural in feeling and less influenced by foreign modes or methods than Mr. Willard L. Metcalf. Unlike most of his colleagues of the ‘Ten,’ Mr. Metcalf devotes his energies almost wholly to pure landscape, with only now and then the rarest and faintest suggestion of a figure. It is not, however, ideal landscape or landscape in general which he paints, but those scenes and localities with which he can boast lifetime familiarity and the keenest artistic sympathy. Born in Lowell, Mass., Mr. Metcalf studied first with George L. Brown, later attending successively the Lowell Institute, the Boston Normal Art School, and finally enjoying the distinction of becoming the first pupil of the Boston Museum Art School. After a two-years’ interval spent in New Mexico and Arizona, he went abroad, entered the Academie Julien under Boulanger and Lefebvre, and remained in Paris until 1889, when he returned to New York and became an instructor at Cooper Union and the Art Students’ League. Always at heart a painter of the out-of-doors, Mr. Metcalf soon came to realize that his forte was transcription of the changing charm of hill, wood, meadow, and sky, whether touched by first hint of spring’s awakening or the varied glory of autumn. Although it has not been until the last half-dozen years that he may be said fully to have developed that accuracy of vision and clear-toned surety of style which to-day characterizes all his work, Mr. Metcalf has, meanwhile, not failed of ample recognition, Paris, Chicago, New York, Buffalo, and latterly Philadelphia and Washington having each in turn awarded him appropriate distinctions. Last year he obtained, within the space of a few weeks’ time, the Temple gold medal from the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and the Corcoran medal and first prize at Washington. True to the spirit of his birthplace, Mr. Metcalf paints almost exclusively New England scenes, Connecticut shore and hill farm and the Maine coast being his favorite sketching grounds, though he often chooses winter or spring effects.

“‘The Golden Hour,’ reproduced in the November issue of the Century, reveals as well as any canvas his singularly faithful and delicate color-sense and a technique which is refreshingly direct and devoid of affectation.”

"Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy."

EDITORIALS

Thanksgiving is a good thing,
Thanks living is a better ;
The one may die in words,
The other lives in acts. —Spurgeon.

On Thanksgiving Day morning there comes to us, with the slow, sweet ringing of church bells in the November air, the indefinable essence of good-fellowship,—love of all men and of Him. Most of us take things for granted; that the beauty and the greatness of our country is our birthright. But let us for a moment give silent thanks to the men of the past who have built our land, who toiled through unselfish lives, have sown, and left us, the present generation, to gather the harvest.

We heartily recommend that every student in this school visit the art exhibitions to be held in this city during the coming winter. In an exhibition of any account you will find something that mere talk, photographs, or written words cannot give you. The personality of a good painter will breathe from the canvas. Good painting calls forth all the deep-seated art in one, stimulates the imagination, and, best of all, makes one work.

During this Thanksgiving recess, do remember to pay your intellectual and spiritual debts. Kind words of appreciation from you, thank-yous to those who in their hearts know they have been of service to you, and to those dear souls who never dream they have helped anybody, will fill your little world with joy. Do not think that formal statement in your letters is enough: "In closing, I wish to express my thanks," etc. Do you really wish to express them? Then do it. Do it now. Go to each individual and look him in the face, man fashion, and say the kind word. Oh, it is hard, hard to do it sometimes, after years of theft, for the thank-you is really a confession. Never mind; do it. "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" The harder it is for you, the smaller you really are!

This month's cover design was drawn by Harold C. Cue, of Mr. Major's studio.

"A low, hopeless spirit puts out the eyes."

ALUMNI NOTES

Laura Marie Marceau, 8 Madison Street, Somerville, Mass.

"Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not."—Emerson.

On the afternoon of November 7 Walter Sargent, director of drawing and handicraft for Boston, gave a lecture on "Good Design in Common Things" before the Forthian Club of Somerville. The talk was extremely interesting, attractive, and uplifting, free from technicalities, well within the scope of comprehension of his listeners.

In introducing his subject, Mr. Sargent explained the difference between merely pretty things and truly artistic ones. Prettiness is for the passing moment; real art is valuable for all time.

"In buying a pretty thing, we pay for it at the time of purchasing, and then every time we look at it!"

In answer to the question often put by persons, "Why should we try to understand something higher, why should we cultivate our taste?" he said that it is because the end of enjoyment in art is pure delight, and compared a pretty object to cheap, sensational literature, to the catchy music of the street. Such literature and such music may satisfy for a while, but there comes a time when we crave for that which gives deep, abiding enjoyment, and when we must have some good literature, a little good music.

Says Mr. Sargent: "In the past so few have been trained to see beauty that it has bred a certain insincerity. People refrain from expressing their ideas for fear their opinion may not be correct. It is precisely this stating of likes and dislikes, this constant comparing of things that gives the training by which every one can be brought to an understanding and appreciation of beauty."

Mr. Sargent then took up the definite subject, of vital importance to the club members: "The Home."

It would seem that we are more and more furnishing our homes with our own best choice, rather than trusting to the flawless taste of an expert. Besides, experts don't invariably agree, just as doctors are not always of one mind.

"Far more seemely were it for thee to have thy studie full of Bookes than thy Purses full of money."—*John Lyly*

"Recently," quoth Mr. Sargent, "I put new paper on my dining-room walls. When my friend, Henry Bailey (who lives near by) came over and saw it, he said: 'If you'll take that off, I'll pay for the expense of having it removed!'"

"Later my friend, James Hall, of the Ethical Culture School, New York, called on me, and he said: 'In that room (pointing to it) you have cartridge paper. It looks well, but you knew you were safe in such a choice, you dodged the question. Here in the dining-room you've dared do something, and it looks good to me,' and so on. Some who come like it, others do not, I do, and I am going to keep it!"

He emphasized the thought that we should choose for ourselves, that our surroundings should be a reflection of our individuality. We can't expect to have our homes perfect, for several reasons. Our tastes are constantly changing, and we receive gifts. We cannot, with a present, consider simply its beauty; associated with it are thoughts of the giver—that has to be reckoned with. But if it has both qualities, then it is a perfect piece of furniture.

"But I think even gifts are becoming better and better!"

He then gave as standard for anything that is a part of the furniture: "Is it an adequate and graceful fulfillment of the purpose for which it is to be used?" and proceeded by means of illustrations on the board to show that things may be graceful and not useful, and vice versa.

In discussing wall paper, Mr. Sargent stated that its primary purpose is to serve as a background; a background for pictures, friends, occasions.

"Would the pictures I have look well against a bewildering mass of foliage in light and shade? Would it be courteous to try my friends' complexions against this vivid red?" etc.

The warning was, not to select paper (or anything) for itself alone; it is not a question of abstract beauty, but of the relation of things.

He showed, by means of many illustrations, that the representation of the three dimensions is not good. If we paint the picture of a flower, it should be frankly a painting, framed, set apart from the rest; if it is destined to live on wall paper, the end of a book-rack, any part of furniture, it should be conventionalized.

“Look twice to see accurately.”

Mr. Sargent's explanation of the process of conventionalization was simple and satisfactory: “We have some roses growing in a field, amid brambles and thorns, by an old stone wall. They are very pretty there. But I wish to put them into human surroundings, so I transplant them to my garden. I leave thorns and brambles behind, I do some pruning. Next I desire to take them into the house, so I leave out the grass, the roots, I do some more pruning, and have a bouquet. Now I wish to have those roses adorn my wall. I must have no accident of light and shade, but must hold on to the things that are essential to the beauty of the flowers, and fit them to accord with their surroundings, which are flat.”

Vases next were criticised. A vase is simply to hold flowers; it should do that well, first of all. The ornament thereon should be in relation to the contour, and nothing should interfere with the play of light and shade over the surface. The true outline should stand for what it is worth, and the ornament should echo the shape and divide it into interesting spaces. The vase should then be placed where it fits best and is harmonious. Mr. Sargent also spoke of the chords of relation in form and the mathematical calculation for beautiful colors.

In conclusion, he said: “Select carefully the common things. Every time we do this we are training ourselves to appreciate beauty not only in common things, but in the best and highest that art affords. The purpose is not to train for the things of ‘fashion,’ but for the full enjoyment of our birthright of delight. We are immersed in beauty and can learn to see it.”

I was forcibly reminded during Mr. Sargent's talk of a passage in Ruskin's “Modern Painters,” which was so attuned to the thoughts being uttered that I cannot refrain from quoting it:—

“All our moral feelings are so interwoven with our intellectual powers that we cannot affect the one without in some degree addressing the other; and in all high ideas of beauty it is more than probable that much of the pleasure depends on delicate and untraceable perceptions of fitness, propriety, and relation, which are purely intellectual. Ideas of beauty are amongst the noblest which can be represented to the human mind, invariably exalting and purifying according to their degree; and it would appear that we are intended by the Deity to be constantly under their influence because there is not one single object in nature which is not capable of conveying them.”

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."

Miss Martha Webber, '04, formerly assistant to Mr. Daniels, Springfield, was married October 29 to William O. Cohn, an artist connected with the Phelps Publishing Company, Springfield, Mass.

James Cohen, '05, is supervising at Chicopee, Mass.

Miss Diana Blair, '05, has been making anatomical drawings for the Harvard Medical School.

Miss Grace W. Ripley, '04, and Miss Lucy D. Taylor, '05, have opened a studio at 14 Grundmann Studios, where they are "at home" to their friends Fridays from 4.30 to 6 p. m.

Frank L. Cerie, '05, after a summer abroad, has returned to the Bradley Polytechnic Institute of Peoria, Ill. He is about to hold an exhibit of sketches made in Scotland, England, and France.

From School Arts Book: "The management of the original Chautauqua at New York is to consolidate all the arts and crafts departments under direction of Henry T. Bailey. A new building more than 200 feet long, containing lecture hall and studios, is now in process of construction. The school will open Monday, July 5, with a strong faculty of a dozen well-known specialists."

Freshman Reception

The annual reception tendered to the Freshmen by the Senior class was held in the assembly hall of the school on Thursday evening, November 12, at 8 o'clock. The affair was one long looked forward to by the Freshmen, and the class of 1909 welcomed them to the school with best wishes for the future. A large number of the faculty were present, and a pleasant reception was held for half an hour. Following the reception, dancing was enjoyed until midnight. Great credit is due to those in charge of the decorations, as they were most effective and appropriate for the occasion. The affair was a great event socially. The patrons of the evening were Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, Mrs. Richard Andrew, George H. Bartlett, and Richard Andrew. The affair was in charge of the following reception committee: Miss Constance M. Bevan, Miss Thyra S. Bendin, Miss Clara M. Gale, Miss Lydia H. Sargent, Miss Florence S. Safford, Harry W. Jacobs, and Chester B. Park.

School Notes

Clara M. Gale

1909

Daniel R. Stewart

Andreas has always had a very taking way, but until recently has never been known to take them internally. He began with linseed oil, and then wanted paint to take the taste off his palette.

Freshmen will please refrain from visiting the portrait, especially on Friday.

Mr. DeCamp does not need the assistance of Mr. H—w—d in Friday morning criticisms.

Every one had a pleasant time at the reception.

Gran said "the cream was slick." He knows.

Everybody does it. Satisfaction guaranteed. Try one. Lessons for the grown-up babies. Apply at the Public School Room. "It will be about eight cents. Do very well, very well."

Ruth B. Weber

1910

Aldro T. Hibbard

One day the Bishop took a Peck of Woodbury(s) to the Taylor's. When he arrived Thayer he found the latter's two sons, Howard and James, trying to catch a Miller. They stopped, however, when they saw him, and one took his Derby, the other his Cain. Just then the Taylor's wife appeared, and the Bishop remarked about her two nice children. "Otis so," answered she, "but sometimes they act so badly that I cannot Barrett, and then I have to Locke them in their rooms.

Elizabeth B. Warren

1911

Otis A. Philbrick

If the Sophomore masquerade is as frivolous as the class meeting which originated it was, we predict a lively time. We beg to offer a few suggestions for costumes: Mr. Brown, balloon-shaped affair tied at ankles with ribbons, peaked cap, and bells; Miss Sawin, clean white apron; Mr. Tuttle, open-faced dress suit, two sizes too small; Miss Merrill, a green cocoanut; Mr. Parker, a lorgnette somewhat the worse for use; Mr. Smith and Mr. Valenti, Siamese twins; Mrs. Richardson, cat, broom, and a green moon; Miss Downes, Indian head-gear—hair down, as usual, severe Grecian garment, Dutch wooden shoes, and a Diogenes lantern; goes about mumbling: "To be, or not to be," and ending with a shriek, "Elizabeth!"

The poster craze seems to be almost over, although at times the demand exceeded the supply. Indeed, the landing on the basement stairs resembled a moving picture show at times. But, seriously, we

"Banish the tears of children ; continual rains upon the blossom are hurtful."

believe the making of posters to be too instructive a thing to be discouraged in such a way.

The first class meeting of the year was held October 27, and the officers of last year re-elected, with the substitution of Waldo Bates as treasurer, in place of Mr. Goodsell, who was obliged to resign. Two committees were appointed, a social committee and one for selecting class pins.

Genius sprouts in each one of us, but the fruits thereof would surprise a Burbank.

What is the matter with our furnace? Has it joined the fast set?

Pedometers running high. Will some one please suggest a vehicle for riding to and from work in Mr. Hamilton's studio? Large prize offered for best suggestion.

If Narcissus could have seen himself as we picture him, he wouldn't have come to such an untimely end.

In Mr. H.'s studio

The Wednesdays all are blue ;

"If you ask the reason,

Words are all too few."

Have you met the charming family in Mr. Munsell's studio?

Charlotte A. Ryan

1912

Bertha L. Dunbar

In one of our studios we have halfbacks, fullbacks, setbacks, drawbacks, and waybacks. The one farthest back is from Cape Cod.

For lessons in singing, impersonating, and cartooning, go to Horace. He will be glad to help any one.

Mr. Andrew: "Your drawing shows great care for detail, Miss N——, which is very promising for the future."

For models we have pretty good imitations, but no "dandylions."

Have you heard the new barnyard medley in Mr. Andrew's studio?

Our first year at Normal Art! Let us show our appreciation for its many advantages by hard work and perseverance.

Freshman reception! Big night!

Day after? Big head——

Hall seems to like the hall pretty well. I wonder why!

For original poems for next edition, go to Sargent.

Exchanges

Clara P. Chase, '09

"Some Touches of Local Color," an article in one of our exchanges, suggests to us a thought that we too often allow ourselves to forget. We are just a little apt to magnify that which is foreign and but little known, while we pass by possibilities within our own horizon.

Do we think of the days of chivalry in story and history, and neglect to read of the romance, valor, and sturdy character exhibited in the early years of the founding of our own city or nation? Do we appreciate local history and lore enough? And, too, do we think to trace a sequence of our heritage from these same wise forefathers, when, in the political world, the higher motives triumph?

An Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotchman were one day arguing as to which of their countries had the fastest trains.

"Well," said the Englishman, "I've been in one of our trains when the telegraph poles looked like a continuous hedge."

"I've seen the mile stones appear like tombstones," said the Scotchman.

"Be jabbers," broke in Pat, "Oi was riding along in a train in my country one day, and we passed a field of turnips, and a field of carrots, and a field of cabbage and parsley, then a pond of water, and we were going so fast that I thought it was soup."—The Picket.

We think the Picket argues well for the expansion of our navy.

The editor wishes to announce that copies of the year's exchanges may be had by applying to the exchange editor for them. Many students wish to see the representative paper of their preparatory school. These copies may be taken, but must be returned to the exchange editor.

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